New News from Rome;

OR

A Familiar Diſcourſe between the Devil *and the* Pope, *Concerning the* Devils *New Project of turning* Blackſmith.

Devil, ALL Hail to your Holineſs. *Sir, I* am come out of pure Love, to pay you a Viſit, and ſee my Friends.

Pope. You are heartily welcome to my Court; for tho' I Stile my ſelf *the Vicar of Chriſt*, yet, Sir, I am yours to do you ſervice, I'l aſſure you.

Devil. Thank you, *Sir*, Pray how fares your Holineſs? And how ſtands affairs in theſe Parts?

Pope. Affairs! Why ſeveral of the moſt Potent and Obedient Children I have, have made ſuch a prodigious falling out juſt by my Bed-Chamber, where *I* uſe to take my Repoſe, that they not only break my Reſt, but alſo make my Triple Crown, Sacred Head and all, to totter again; nay, my Infallible Brains Run Round again: But Prithee where haſt thou been a long time? Here is many of thy Fraternity who Keep their Court in my Palace; But I have not ſeen thee a long ſeaſon. What's the matter?

Devil. Stay, let me ſit down; for I am ſo Weary I can hardly ſtand.

Pope, Why what haſt thou been a doing of?

Devil. Truely I have been in *England* a long time, doing all the Miſchief I can.

Pope. That's odd News methinks, to hear thou ſhouldeſt be Weary a doing of *Miſchief.*

Devil. That would have been ſtrange News worth a Mans hearing, had it been true: But that there's a miſtake in't; it is not doing of Miſchief hath wearied me. But taking ſo great pains to ſo little purpoſe, and having effected no more Miſchief, that's that has wearied me. Yet I intend to keep doing till my time is out: For I have all ways hated Idleneſs in my ſelf, tho I ſtill incourage it in others.

Pope. But how go matters in *England*?

Devil. O, with Grief of heart I ſpeak it, Notwithſtanding all the Efforts of *France* and *Spain*, and all that you and I have done to Ruine it, yet *England*, Heretick *England*, will be *England* ſtill, in ſpite of all that you and I, and the Reſt of the *Devils*, can do: Nay, ſhe lifts up her head at this time higher than ever, and hath given *Lewis Legrand* ſuch a Kick in the Stomach this Summer, as hath almoſt ſet his Breath, and made his very heart ake again.

Pope. This News hath put me in an Agony, give me a dram of the Bottle.

Devil. Here's a Dram of Infernal Spirits, 'tis poſſible it may agree with your Holineſs's Stomach.

Pope. But old Friend, how doth *England* look now?

Devil. Sir, it looks no more like the thing it did in former days, than Light reſembles Darkneſs. There's no Worſhiping of Images, no Praying to Saints, no Maſſes to be heard, no Monaſtries, Abbys, or Nunnerys, to be ſeen; no Bonfires on the Carcaſſeſs of Hereticks in *Smithfield*. And what is worſt of all, *Engliſh Bibles* in every Houſe, and they Tolerate one another to ſee the words through their own Eyes, and make their own Comment thereon.

Pope. There's the thing has Ruined our Cauſe! O how I ſweat to hear it.

Devil. Theſe things have put me to ſuch a confounded Puzzle that I was about to leave the Kingdom in diſpair.

Pope. No, no; by no means do not do ſo; that will Ruin our Cauſe quite. If thou forſakeſt the Kingdom, I ſhall be utterly out of hopes that ever I ſhall extend my Dominion thither again. Therefore leave it not now; Now in our greateſt ſtraits.

Devil. Well, a little to recover your Holineſs out of your preſent Agony, I will tell you of a lucky Project I have pitch'd upon, if it hit.

Pope. What's that, I pray?

Devil. Why, as I was conſidering what was to be done to promote our common cauſe of miſchief to *England*, it came Burning hot into my Brimſtone Brains that I muſt turn Blackſmith.

Pope. What turn Blackſmith in thy old Years?

Devil. Yes, by all means I muſt turn Blackſmith, for ſeveral Reaſons: Firſt, I was alwayes a Lover of Black Arts, their Heavy ſits the complection of our projects

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And again, I take a particular delight in Fire-works, as the Invention of Gun-powder and Guns, Mortars and Bombs, with other dreadful Engines of humane Deſtruction; and to ſpeak Truth, Some have not been wanting to lay the Burning of *London* to our Charge: And I muſt confeſs, all my Time and Pains have been employed to augment the Fuel of Hell. But Laſtly, the main and moving Cauſe inducing me to this Undertaking at this time, is becauſe there are many Rough caſt Projects in the hollow Concavity of my own Contrivances that muſt be wrought at my Forge, and hammered at my Anvil, e're they can be employed at the Scalado of the Bulwark of *England*'s Peace and Happineſs; for which irrefragable Reaſon there is a crying Neceſſity that I ſhould become a *Black-Smith*

Pope. I confeſs I begin to like of the Buſineſs wondrous well.

Devil. I am glad I ſhall have your Holineſs's Approbation; and on my part Diligence hath not been wanting, for the Matter being thus conceiv'd, I proceeded with all Expedition to put into Execution my intended Whym. *I* ſoon got me a Forge, a ſtout pair of Bellows, Hammers and Anvil, all ſorts of Tools, with a Number of ſtout and able Journey-Men, being impatiently mad to ſee the Succeſs of this Buſineſs: But alack, to ſee how it hapned, juſt as I was going to blow up, Coals were ſo ſcarcy I could get none fit for my uſe This put the Devil himſelf to a Stand.

Pope. Ay, and well it might, for tho' I pretend not to any great Skill in the Myſtery of a *Black-Smith*, yet this I know, and all the World knows, That a Smith can do little without Coals.

Devil. That's true, and therefore *I* reſolved to have ſome, altho' *I* went to Hell to fetch 'em: And juſt as *I* was ſetting out for my Journey at one end of the Town, *I* hapned to meet with a likely man in a Garb of the Colour of our Livery, with whom *I* was *I*ntimate. Tho' *I* muſt confeſs, there is many wears Coats of the ſame Colour who will not be ſo great with me, but are true to God, their own Souls, and their Country; which ſhews they are averſe to our *I*ntereſt. *I* entred into Diſcourſe with this Man, as liking him for a Journey-Man; I complained for want of Coals. He very luckily Reply'd, he knew where there were ſeveral Chaldron of the *Old Coals of Perſecution*, preſerved ſtill for my purpoſe in ſeveral private Cellars: I no ſooner hear'd this News, but without delay with winged haſte I purchaſed this Commodity, and had it conveyed home to my Shop, threw 'em on the Hearth, put fire to 'em, and my Men and I fell to blowing at ſuch a Rate, as if we intended to kindle a Fire on the Earth equal to the Sulphureous Flames of Hell beneath.

Theſe Coals were all in a light Flame in the Days of *Charles* the Second; but King *James* threw ſome Water upon 'em, in jeſt, and quench'd 'em; tho' moſt Men thought it to be only an Artifice of our Trade, to make 'em burn the fiercer afterward. But in the interim of time, as Heaven would have it, in comes the late King *William*, and quench'd 'em every Coal indeed, and they have lain ever ſince as dead as a Herring, in thoſe Cellars out of Sight.

Pope. This Story hath raviſhed my Heart, I am ſo far tranſported at it, I can hardly forbear reſolving to quit my preſent great Imploymnts of opening and ſhutting the Gates of Heaven and Hell, and come to work in thy Forge; blow the Bellows, or any thing. Oh the ſight and ſmell of *a Perſecuting Fire and Coal*, I love it at my very Heart, I vow I do. And the Matter betwixt us may be thus adjuſted; when thou art in my Court, then thou ſhalt be the *Pope*'s private Counſellour, and when I am in thy Forge I'll be the *Devil*'s Journey-Man, to blow up thoſe Coals: I'll give my Benediction to ſo good a Work.

Devil. I thank you, Holy Father: I hope I ſhall not fail of Succeſs when I ſhall have your Bleſſing on my Endeavours.

Pope. But how goes the thing forward, doth the Fire burn?

Devil. Truly my Journey-Men and I loſe no time, nor ſpare no pains to kindle it; Tho' I confeſs, I cannot ſay there is one whole Coal Kindled. All that appears as yet, we begin to make the Sparks fly:

Pope. Well it would do me more good to ſee *A perſecuting Fire in England*, than it would to receive 10000 Kiſſes on my bare Toe:

Devil. *SIR*, I want greatly to know how my Work ſucceeds; I'll return to my Poſt in *England*.

Pope. Pray fail not to impart to me your Succeſs; I'll ſend over (at my own Coſt) Two or Three Jeſuits to work in thy Forge, they are good Workmen, for they are Ingenious Fellows to compleat any Projects of Miſchief

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